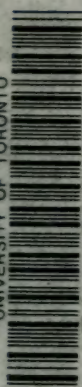


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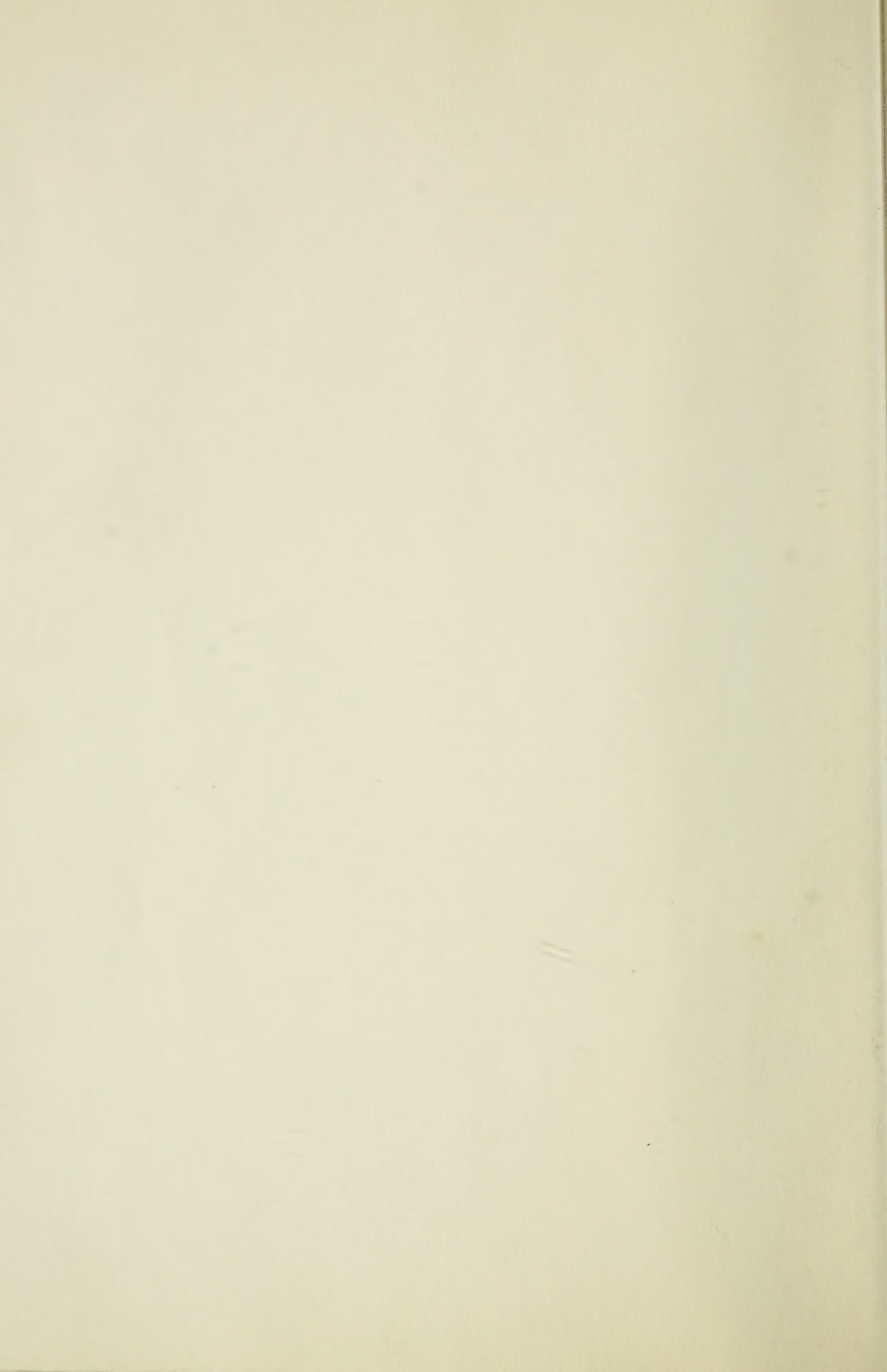
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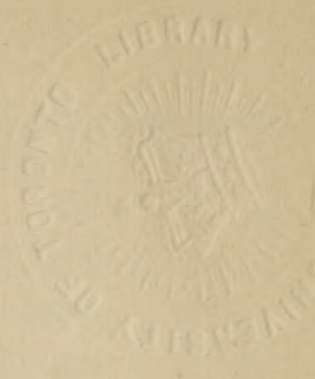
PRINTED FOR THE MAKING
HOBSON HARTMAN AT THE
AND OLD UNIVERSITY
1878

PRINTED FOR THE MALONE SOCIETY BY
HORACE HART M.A., AT THE
OXFORD UNIVERSITY
PRESS

LEC
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THE OLD WIVES TALE

1595



124183
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THE MALONE SOCIETY
REPRINTS [No. 7]
1908

PR
2734
04
1908

This reprint of the *Old Wives Tale* has been prepared by the General Editor and checked by Frank Sidgwick.

Feb. 1909.

W. W. Greg.

The following entry is found in the Registers of the Stationers' Company:

xvj^{to} die Aprilis [1595] ./.

Entred for his Copie vnder thandes of bothe the wardens Ralph Hancock
a booke or interlude intituled a pleasant Conceipte called the
owld wifes tale vjd./.

[Arber's Transcript, II. 296.]

Within the year appeared an edition in quarto, the only one known to have been issued. It was printed by John Danter, and the name of John Hardy was associated with Hancock's as publisher. The address without Cripplegate given in the colophon, being neither Danter's nor Hardy's, presumably belonged to Hancock, who appears in the Registers as publishing from 1593 to 1595, though no other book connected with him seems to have survived. The title-page reports that the comedy was 'played by the Queenes Maiesties players', a company whose fortunes began to decline soon after 1590 and whose career had probably come to an end, at least so far as London was concerned, before the play was published. There is added the further information that the piece was 'Written by G. P.' None of the early bibliographers of the drama had seen the play. In 1750 Chetwood invented the entry, 'An olde Wyfe her Tale, 1598,' which is sufficient evidence

that neither had he. In 1782 the *Biographica Dramatica*, quoting his entry, added that of the Stationers' Register. Not till the edition of 1812 was any account of the play from actual inspection included. Meanwhile a fairly correct description had been given, and the identification of the initials as those of George Peele made, by Herbert in his *Typographical Antiquities* of 1785-90. The source of his information is doubtful, but the identification has never been challenged.

The date of composition is pretty certainly about 1590, a date suggested by the burlesque hexameters of Huanebango. One of these (ll. 813-4) is taken verbatim from Gabriel Harvey's *Encomium Lauri* (in the *Three Letters* of 1580). Another (ll. 801-2) is practically made up of tags from Stanyhurst (*Aeneis*, &c., 1582), similar to those ridiculed by Nashe in his preface to Greene's *Menaphon* (1589). Points of resemblance have also been noticed between the *Old Wives Tale* and *Orlando Furioso*. Thus ll. 1072-5 are largely identical with *Orlando*, 73-6; while the expression 'Three blue beanes in a blue bladder, rattle bladder rattle' (ll. 819-20), which however was no doubt proverbial, recurs in the Dulwich manuscript of *Orlando* (ll. 136-7, fol. 263). Thus a connection is established between the two plays, but the

question of priority left open. This is settled by the name Sacrapant in the *Tale*, corresponding to Sacrepant in *Orlando*. Greene, of course, took the name from Ariosto (Sacripante), and Peele must therefore have borrowed from Greene.

Of the original quarto copies are extant in the British Museum (162.d.53), and the Dyce collection. The second is imperfect, having the leaves F 2-3 in facsimile, but it preserves the initial leaf with the signature 'A' wanting in the Museum copy. F4 is absent in both. Both copies have been collated for the present reprint. That in the Dyce collection presents variants owing to its having an uncorrected inner forme to sheet E: they are recorded in the list of readings below. The quarto is printed in the ordinary roman fount of a body closely approximating to modern English (20 ll. = 94 mm.).

No attempt has been made to divide the play into scenes, since no satisfactory arrangement appears possible. The quarto almost certainly represents a mutilated text and the indications of staging are confused, while the fact that certain characters remain on the stage throughout renders the ordinary principle of division inapplicable.

LIST OF IRREGULAR AND DOUBTFUL READINGS

3 <i>Franticke</i> , (<i>Frolicke</i> ,)	663 Who hawe
17 (<i>not indented</i>)	706 gold
68 <i>barke</i> .	774 <i>laies</i>
71 thethreshold,	787 birde (beard—cf. ll. 971, 978.)
122 of of	809 Foe, (<i>Foh</i> ,?)
193 fnow :	822 rim (rude <i>Dyce copy</i>)
200 comes	844 knaue,-
240 aswell	845-6 ka wil- shaw.
285 trees; (trees,)	866 Who's (<i>Whofe Dyce copy</i>)
373 thoughts,	898-9 impor- nate
382 <i>Huau</i> : (<i>Huan</i> : but ? <i>Booby</i> :)	914 <i>Exeunt</i>
385 <i>Huanabango</i>	917 <i>came</i>
394-5 super- fantiall	941 daunced
449 <i>Sacr</i> : (speech should run on)	950 halfes
451 for meate for	971, 978 gouldẽ beard (goulden bird <i>Dyce copy</i>)
479 or (nor) for (from?)	989 iuft . . . coiners . . . coine (toft . . . quoiners . . . quine <i>Dyce copy</i>)
492 is	995 come,
495 a fide	1006 (<i>not indented</i>)
511 arts hath	1018 pearst,
541 thy (my)	1075 Cuts
544 Corobus, (<i>Corebus</i> ,)	1092-3 h[e fe-] med (<i>a partial impression of the e- is all that appears of the bracketed letters in the original</i>)
552 <i>Simon</i> : (<i>i. e.</i> Church- warden = Steven Loach, l. 597)	1157 windowes shuts
560 <i>Corobus</i> : (<i>Corebus</i> :)	
563 buriall. (<i>period doubtful</i>)	
564 assure (as fure)	
624 comes	
627 of (<i>i. e.</i> on)	

N.B.—The error in l. 71 arose in the course of printing off. A space somehow dropped out and the type closed up. In the Dyce copy the last word still stands almost at the end of the line, but the type gradually crept back, and in the B. M. copy there is about an en-space blank at the end. Other copies may perhaps show the space in its right place.

LIST OF CHARACTERS

in order of entrance

ANTIC	} three pages.	DELIA, daughter of Thenores,
FROLIC		King of Thessaly.
FANTASTIC		a Friar.
CLUNCH, the smith.		EUMENIDES, the wandering
MADGE, his old wife.		knight, in search of Delia.
CALYPHA	} first and second	WIGGEN, fellow of Corebus.
THELEA		STEVEN LOACH, a Church-
	} brother in search of	warden.
	} their sister Delia.	
ERESTUS, the old man at the		a Sexton.
CROSS.		ZANTIPPA, the
VENELIA, his betrothed.		curst
LAMPISCUS, a countryman.		} daughters
HUANEBANGO, a braggart.		
COREBUS, or BOOBY, the clown.		of
SACRAPANT, a Thessalian magi-		CELANTA, or ZE-
tian.		LANTO, the foul
		a Voice from the Well of Life.
		the ghost of JACK.
		the Hostess.

Harvest-men and women singing (ll. 306, 640), two Furies (ll. 504, 678?, 773), Fiddlers (l. 917).

Calypha is first named at l. 484, Thelea at l. 1101; their father's name appears in l. 508. The old man's name is first given as Erestus in l. 1100. Venelia enters at ll. 233, 1052, 1098, but has no part assigned her. Corebus is called Booby throughout his first entry, l. 312 and following. The Churchwarden is named at l. 597, but cf. l. 552. The foul daughter is named Celanta in l. 753 and Zelanto in l. 960. The name does not elsewhere occur in full, but the C-form is found consistently as a prefix in her first entry, and the Z-form in her second. The first speech of the Voice from the Well is assigned to 'Head' (l. 786), but on the second occasion two heads appear though there is only one speech (l. 970). The 'Voice' of l. 672 comes from the cell and is probably Sacrapant's.

1-1



THE Old Wiues Tale.

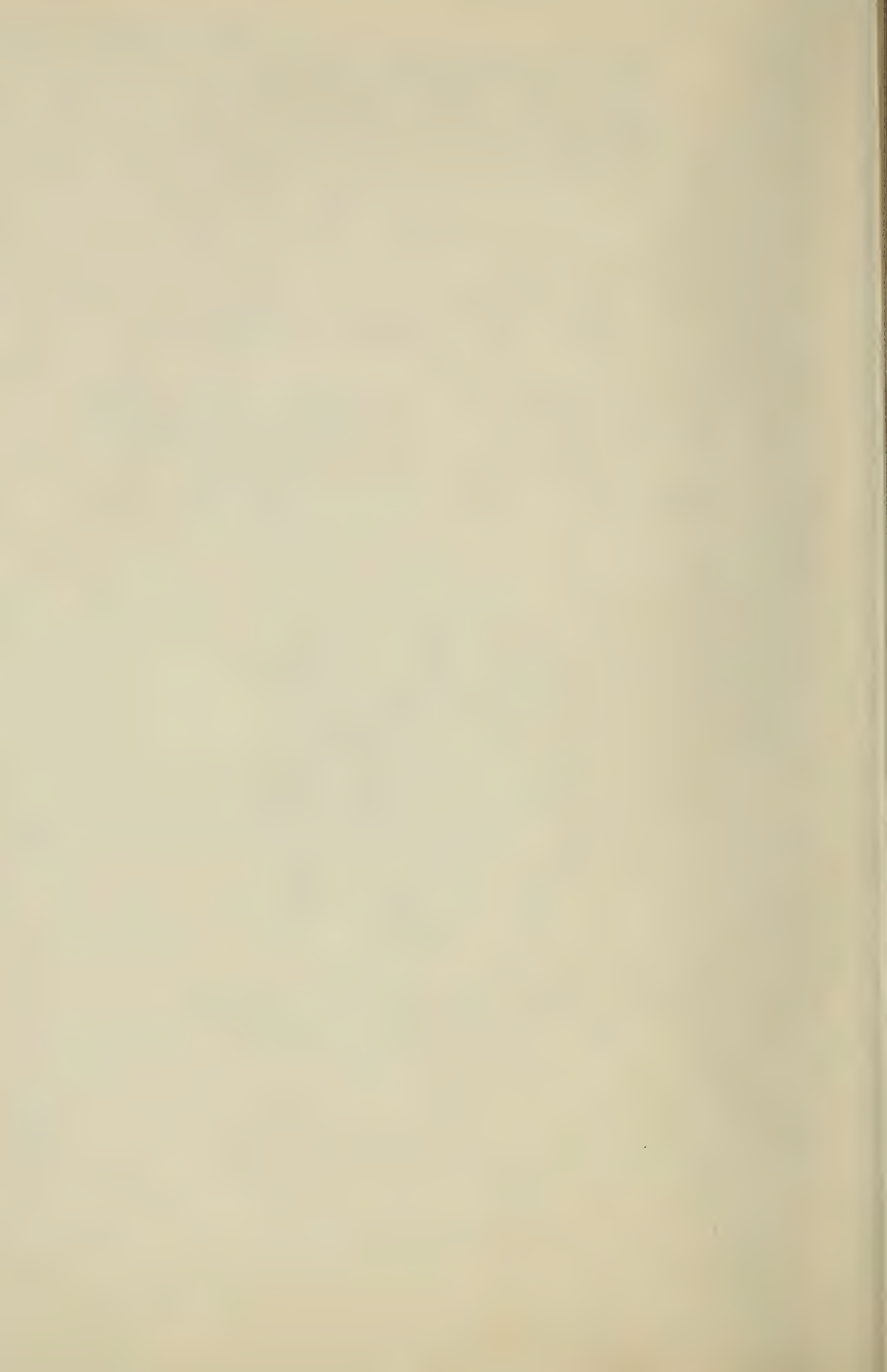
A pleasant conceited Come-
die, playcd by the Queenes Ma-
iesties players.



Written by *G. Peele*



Printed at London by *John Danter*, and are to
be sold by *Raph Hancocke*, and *John*
Hardie. 1595.





The old Viues Tale.

Enter Anticke, Frolicke and Fantasticke.

Anticke.



Ow nowe fellowe *Franticke*,
what all a mort? Doth this sad-
nes become thy madnes? What
though wee haue lost our way
in the woodes, yet neuer hang
the head, as though thou hadst
no hope to liue till to morrow : for *Fantasticke*
and I will warrant thy life to night for twenty in
the hundred.

Frolicke: *Anticke* and *Fantasticke*, as I am
frollicke franion, neuer in all my life was I so
dead flaine . What? to loose our way in the
woode, without either fire or candle so vncom-
fortable? *O cælum! O terra! O maria! O Neptune!*

A. 3

Fan-

The Old VVines Tale.

Fant: What Gammer, a sleepe?

Old wom: By the Mas sonne tis almost day,
and my windowes shuts at the Cocks crow.

Frol: Doo you heare Gammer, mee thinkes
this lacke bere a great sway amongst them.

Old wom: O man, this was the ghost of the
poore man, that they kept such a coyle to burie,
& that makes him to help the wandring knight
so much: But come let vs in, we will haue a cup
of ale and a tost this morning and so depart.

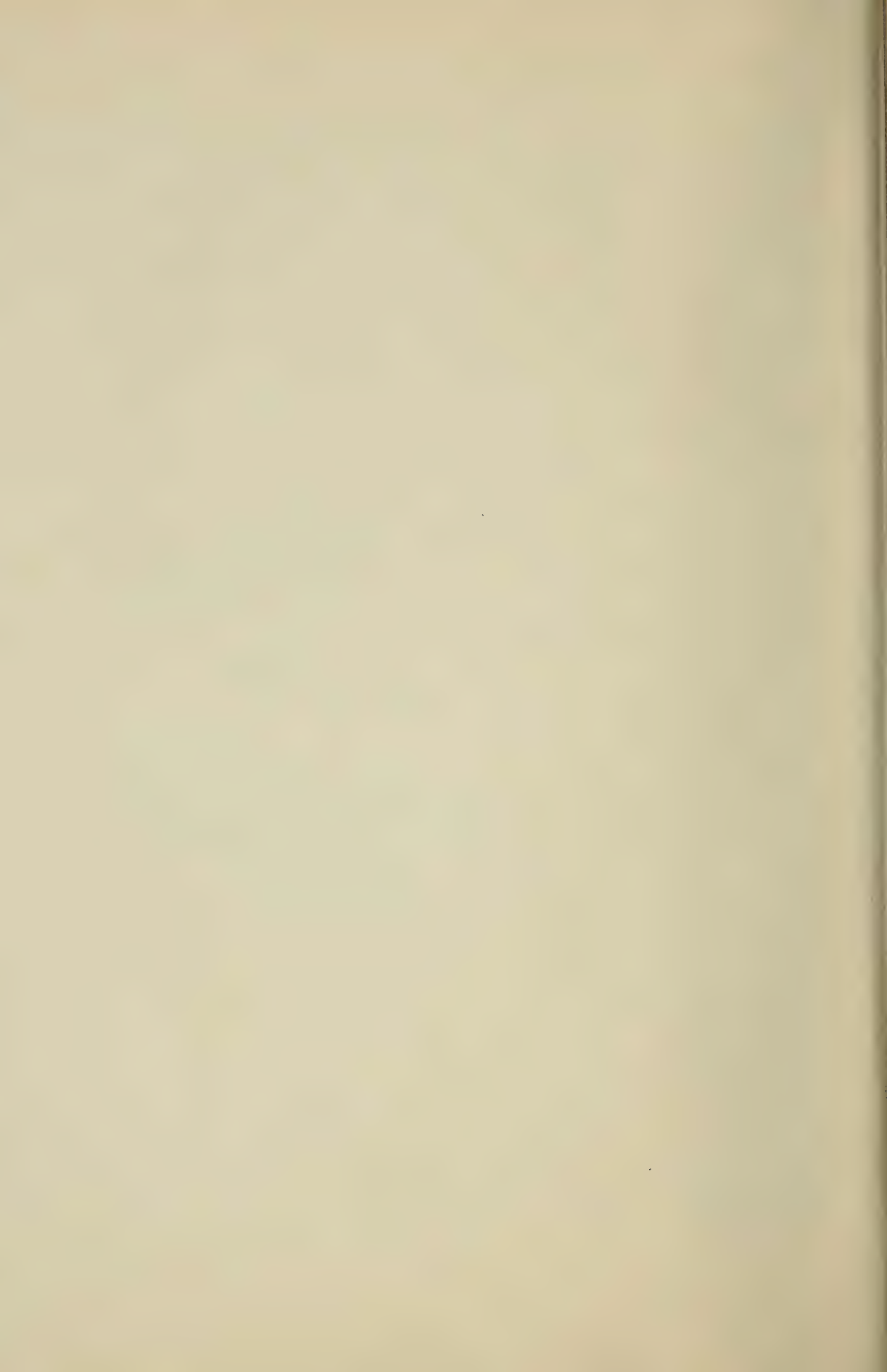
Fant: Then you haue made an end of your
tale Gammer?

Old wom: Yes faith: When this was done I
tooke a peece of bread and cheefe, and came
my way, and so shall you haue too before you
goe, to your breakefast.


FINIS.

Printed at London by *John Danter*, for *Raph
Hancocke*, and *John Hardie*, and are to
be solde at the shop ouer against
Saint Giles his Church with-
out Cripple gate.

1595.



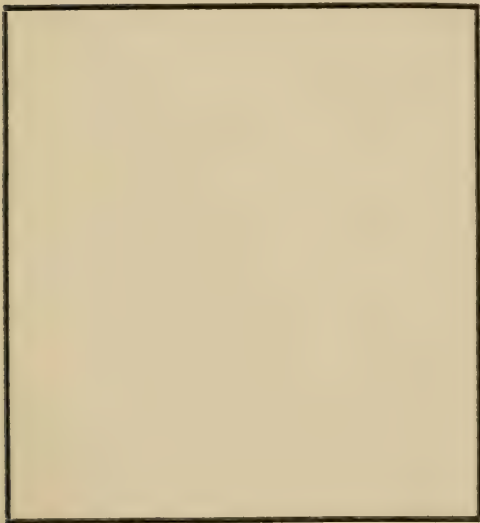
A



THE Old Wiues Tale.

A pleafant conceited Come-
die, played by the Queenes Ma-
iesties players.

Written by *G. P.*



Printed at London by *Iohn Danter*, and are to
be fold by *Raph Hancocke*, and *Iohn*
Hardie. 1595.

The old VViues Tale.

Enter Anticke, Frolicke and Fantasticke.

Anticke.

H

Ow nowe fellowe *Franticke*,
what all a mort? Doth this fad-
nes become thy madnes? What
though wee haue lost our way
in the woodes, yet neuer hang
the head, as though thou hadst
no hope to liue till to morrow: for *Fantasticke*
and I will warrant thy life to night for twenty in 10
the hundred.

Frolicke: *Anticke* and *Fantasticke*, as I am
frollicke franion, neuer in all my life was I so
dead flaine. What? to loose our way in the
woode, without either fire or candle so vncom-
fortable? *O cælum! O terra! O maria! O Neptune!*

The Old Viues Tale.

Fantas. Why makes thou it so strange, seeing Cupid hath led our yong master to the faire Lady and she is the only Saint that he hath sworne
20 to serue.

Frollicke. What resteth then but wee commit him to his wench, and each of vs take his stand vp in a Tree, and sing out our ill fortune to the tune of O man in desperation.

Ant. Desperately spoken fellow Frollicke in the darke: but seeing it falles out thus, let vs rehearse the old prouerb.

*Three merrie men, and three merrie men,
And three merrie men be wee.*
30 *I in the wood, and thou on the ground,
And Iacke sleepes in the tree.*

Fan. Huh a dogge in the wood, or a wooden dogge, O comfortable hearing! I had euen as liue the Chamberlaine of the white Horse had called me vp to bed.

Frol. Eyther hath this trotting Cur gone out of his cyrcuit, or els are we nere some village,

Enter a Smith with a Lanthorne & Candle.
which should not be farre off, for I perceiue the
40 glymring of a Gloworme, a Candle, or a Cats eye, my life for a halfe pennie. In the name of my own father, be thou Oxe or Assē that appearest, tell vs what thou art.

Smith. What am I? Why I am Clunch the Smith, what are you, what make you in my territories

The Old Viues Tale.

ritories at this time of the night?

Ant. What doe we make doſt thou aſke? why we make faces for feare: ſuch as if thy mortall eyes could behold, would make thee water the long feames of thy ſide ſlops, Smith. 50

Frol. And in faith Sir vnleſſe your hoſpitalitie doe releue vs, wee are like to wander with a ſorrowfull hey ho, among the owlets, & Hobgoblins of the Forreſt: good *Vulcan*, for Cupids ſake that hath couſned vs all: befriend vs as thou maielt, and commaund vs howſoeuer, whereſoeuer, whenſoeuer, in whatſoeuer, for euer and euer.

Smith. Well Maſters it ſeemes to mee you haue loſt your waie in the wood: in confide- 60 ration whereof, if you will goe with Clunch to his Cottage, you ſhall haue houſe roome, and a good fire to ſit by, althogh we haue no bedding to put you in.

All. O bleſſed Smith, O bountifull Clunch.

Smith. For your further intertainment, it ſhall be as it may be, ſo and ſo.

Heare a Dogge barke..

Hearke this is Ball my Dogge that bids you all welcome in his own language, come take heed 70 for ſtumbling on the threshold, open dore Madge take in gueſts. *Enter old woman.*

Ol. Welcome Clunch & good fellowes al that come with my good mā for my good mans ſake
come

The old Viues tale.

come on fit downe here is a peece of cheefe & a pudding of my owne making.

Anticke: Thanks Gammer a good example for the wiues of our towne.

Frolicke: Gammer thou and thy good man
80 fit louingly together, we come to chat and not to eate.

Smith: Well Masters if you will eate nothing take away: Come, what doo we to passe away the time? Lay a crab in the fire to rost for Lambes-wooll; what shall wee haue a game at Trumpe or Ruffe to driue away the time, how say you?

Fantasticke: This Smith leades a life as merrie as a King with *Madge* his wife; Syrrha *Fro-*
90 *licke*, I am sure thou art not without some round or other, no doubt but Clunch can beare his part.

Frolicke: Els thinke you mee ill brought vp, so fet to it when you will. *they sing.*

Song.

W*Hen as the Rie reach to the chin,
And chopcherrie chopcherrie ripe within,
Strawberries swimming in the creame,
And schoole boyes playing in the streame:
100 Then O, then O, then O my true loue said,
Till that time come againe,
Shee could not liue a maid.*

Anticke

The old Viues tale.

Ant: This sport dooes well: but me thinkes Gammer, a merry winters tale would driue away the time trimly, come I am sure you are not without a score.

Fantast: I faith Gammer a tale of an howre long were as good as an howres sleepe.

Frol: Looke you Gammer, of the Gyant and the Kings Daughter, and I know not what, ¹¹⁰ I haue seene the day when I was a litle one, you might haue drawne mee a mile after you with such a discourse.

Old woman: Well, since you be so importunate, my good man shall fill the pot and get him to bed, they that ply their worke must keepe good howres, one of you goe lye with him, he is a cleane skind man I tell you, without either spauin or windgall, so I am content to driue away the time with an old wiues winters tale. ¹²⁰

Fantast: No better hay in Deuonshire, a my word Gammer, Ile be one of of your audience.

Frollicke: And I another thats flat.

Anticke: Then must I to bed with the good man, *Bona nox* Gammer, God night *Frollicke*.

Smith: Come on my Lad, thou shalt take thy vnnaturall rest with me.

Exeunt Anticke and the Smith.

Frollicke: Yet this vantage shall we haue of them in the morning, to bee ready at the fight ¹³⁰ thereof extempore.

B

Old

The Old Viues Tale.

Old wom: Nowe this bargaine my Masters must I make with you, that you will say hum & ha to my tale, so shall I know you are awake.

Both: Content Gammer that will we doo.

Old wom: Once vppon a time there was a King or a Lord, or a Duke that had a faire daughter, the fairest that euer was; as white as snowe, and as redd as bloud: and once vppon a time his
140 daughter was stollen away, and hee sent all his men to seeke out his daughter, and hee sent so long, that he sent all his men out of his Land.

Frol: Who drest his dinner then?

Old woman: Nay either heare my tale, or kisse my taile.

Fan: Well fed, on with your tale Gammer.

Old woman: O Lord I quite forgot, there was a Coniurer, and this Coniurer could doo any thing, and hee turned himselfe into a great
150 Dragon, and carried the Kinges Daughter away in his mouth to a Castle that hee made of stone, and there he kept hir I know not how long, till at last all the Kinges men went out so long, that hir two Brothers went to seeke hir. O I forget: she (he I would say) turned a proper yong man to a Beare in the night, and a man in the day, and keeps by a crosse that parts three feuerall waies, & he made his Lady run mad: gods me bones who comes here? *Enter the two Brothers.*

160 *Frol:* Soft Gammer, here some come to tell
your

The Old Viues Tale.

your tale for you.

Fant: Let them alone, let vs heare what they will fay.

1. Brother: Vpon these chalkie Cliffs of *Albion*
We are ariued now with tedious toile,
And compassing the wide world round about
To seeke our sifter, to seeke faire *Delya* forth,
Yet cannot we so much as heare of hir.

2. Brother: O fortune cruell, cruell & vnkind,
Vnkind in that we cannot find our sifter; 170
Our sifter haples in hir cruell chance:
Soft who haue we here.

Enter Senex at the Crosse stooping to gather.

1. Brother: Now father God be your speed,
What doo you gather there?

Old man: Hips and Hawes, and sticke and
strawes, and thinges that I gather on the ground
my sonne.

1. Brother: Hips and Hawes, and sticke and
strawes, why is that all your foode father? 180

Old man: Yea sonne.

2. Brother: Father, here is an Almes pennie
for mee, and if I speede in that I goe for, I will
giue thee as good a Gowne of gray as euer thou
diddest weare.

1. Brother: And Father here is another almes
pennie for me, and if I speede in my iourney, I
will giue thee a Palmers staffe of yuorie, and a
scallop shell of beaten gold.

B 2

Old

The Old Viues Tale.

190 *Old man* : Was shee fayre?

2. *Brother* : I the fairest for white, and the purest for redd, as the blood of the Deare, or the driuen snow : (old spell :

Old m : Then harke well and marke well, my
Be not afraid of euery stranger,
Start not aside at euery danger :
Things that seeme are not the same,
Blow a blast at euery flame :

For when one flame of fire goes out,
200 Then comes your wishes well about :
If any aske who told you this good,
Say the white Beare of Englands wood.

1. *Brother* : Brother heard you not what the
old man said :

Be not afraid of euery stranger,
Start not aside for euery danger :
Things that seeme are not the same,
Blow a blast at euery flame :
If any aske who told you this good,

210 Say the white Beare of Englands wood.

2. *Brother* : Well if this doo vs any good,
Wel fare the white Bear of Englands wood. *ex.*

Old ma : Now sit thee here & tel a heauy tale.
Sad in thy moode, and sober in thy cheere,
Here sit thee now and to thy selfe relate,
The hard mishap of thy most wretched state.
In *Theffalie* I liu'd in sweete content,
Vntill that Fortune wrought my ouerthrow ;

For

The Old Viues tale.

For there I wedded was vnto a dame,
That liu'd in honor, vertue, loue, and fame: 220
But *Sacrapant* that curfed forcerer,
Being befotted with my beauteous loue:
My deereft loue, my true betrothed wife,
Did feeke the meanes to rid me of my life.
But worfe than this, he with his chanting fpels,
Did turne me ftraight vnto an vgly Beare;
And when the funne doth fettle in the weft,
Then I begin to don my vgly hide:
And all the day I fit, as now you fee,
And fpeake in riddles all inſpirde with rage, 230
Seeming an olde and miserable man:
And yet I am in Aprill of my age.

Enter Venelia his Lady mad; and goes in againe.

See where *Venelya* my betrothed loue,
Runs madding all inrag'd about the woods;
All by his curfed and enchanting fpels.

Enter Lampriscus with a pot of Honny.

But here comes *Lampriscus* my discontented
neighbour. How now neighbour, you looke
toward the ground aswell as I, you muſe on 240
ſomething.

Lamp: Neighbour on nothing, but on the
matter I ſo often mooued to you: if you do any
thing for charity, helpe me; if for neighborhood
or brotherhood, helpe me: neuer was one ſo
combered as is poore *Lampriscus*: and to be-
gin, I pray receiue this potte of Honny to mend

B 3

your

The Old Viues Tale.

your fare.

Old man: Thankes neighbor, fet it downe,
250 Honny is alwaies welcome to the Beare.

And now neighbour let me heere the cause of
your comming.

Lampriscus: I am (as you knowe neighbour) a man vnmarried, and liued so vnquietly
with my two wiues, that I keepe euery yeare
holy the day wherein I buried thē both; the first
was on saint *Andrewes* day; the other on saint
Lukes.

Old man: And now neighbour, you of this
260 country say, your custome is out: but on with
your tale neighbour.

Lamp: By my first wife, whose tongue wearied
me aliue, and founded in my eares like the
clapper of a great Bell, whose talke was a continuall
torment to all that dwelt by her, or liued
nigh her, you haue heard me say I had a handsome
daughter.

Old man: True neighbour.

Lampr: Shee it is that afflictes me with her
270 continuall clamoures, and hangs on me like a
Burre: poore shee is, and proude shee is, as
poore as a sheepe new shorne, and as proude
of her hopes, as a Peacock of her taile well
growne.

Old man: Well said *Lampriscus*, you speake
it like an Englishman.

Lampr:

The Old Viues Tale.

Lampr: As curst as a waspe, and as frowarde
as a childe new taken from the mothers teate,
shee is to my age, as smoake to the eyes, or as vi-
negar to the teeth. 280

Old man: Holily praised neighbour, as much
for the next.

Lampr: By my other wife I had a daughter,
so hard fauoured, so foule and ill faced, that I
thinke a groue full of golden trees; and the
leaues of Rubies and Dyamonds, would not
bee a dowrie aunswerable to her deformi-
tie.

Old man: Well neighbour, nowe you haue
spoke, heere me speake; send them to the Well 290
for the water of life: there shall they finde their
fortunes vnlooked for; Neighbour farewell.

Exit.

Lampr: Farewell and a thousand, and now
goeth poore. *Lamprysus* to put in execution
this excellent counsell.

Exeunt.

Frol: Why this goes rounde without a fid-
ling stick; but doo you heare Gammer, was this
the man that was a Beare in the night, and a
man in the day? 300

Old woman: I this is hee; and this man that
came to him was a beggar, and dwelt vppon a
greene. But soft, who comes here? O these are
the haruest men; ten to one they sing a song of
mowing.

Enter

The Old Viues Tale.

*Enter the haruest men a singing, with this
Song double repeated.*

All yee that louely louers be, pray you for me,

Loe here we come a sowing, a sowing,

310 *And some sweete fruites of loue:*

In your sweete hearts well may it prooue. Exeunt.

*Enter Huanebango with his two hand sword,
and Booby the Clowne.*

Fant: Gammer, what is he?

Old woman: O this is one that is going to the
coniurer, let him alone, here what he sayes.

Huan: Now by *Mars* and *Mercury*, *Iupiter*
and *Ianus*, *Sol* and *Saturnus*, *Venus* and *Vesta*,
Pallas and *Proserpina*, and by the honor of my
320 house *Polimackeroeplacydus*, it is a wonder to see
what this loue will make filly fellowes aduen-
ture, euen in the wane of their wits, and infansie
of their discretion. Alas my friend what fortune
calles thee foorth to seeke thy fortune among
brafen gates, enchanted towers, fire and Brim-
stone, thunder and lightning. Beautie I tell thee
is peerelesse, and she precious whom thou af-
fectest: do off these desires good countriman,
good friend runne away from thy selfe, and so
330 soone as thou canst, forget her; whom none
must inherit but he that can monsters tame, la-
boures atchiue, riddles absolue, loose inchant-
ments, murther magicke, and kill coniuring: and
that is the great and mighty *Huanebango*.

Booby:

The Old Viues tale.

Booby: Harke you fir, harke you; First know I haue here the flurting feather, and haue giuen the Parish the start for the long stocke: Nowe fir if it bee no more but running through a little lightning and thunder, and riddle me riddle me whats this, Ile haue the wench from the Con-³⁴⁰ iurer if he were ten Coniurers.

Huan: I haue abandoned the Court and honourable company, to doo my deuoyre against this fore Sorcerer and mighty Magitian: if this Ladie be so faire as she is said to bee, she is mine, she is mine. *Meus, mea, meum, in contemptum omnium Grammaticorum.*

Booby: *O falsum Latinum!* the faire maide is *minum, cum apurtinantibus gibletes* and all.

Huan: If shee bee mine, as I assure my selfe³⁵⁰ the heauens will doo somewhat to reward my worthines; shee shall bee allied to none of the meanest gods; but bee inuested in the most famous stocke of *Huanebango Polimackeroeplacidus*, my Grandfather: my father *Pergopolyneo*: my mother, *Dyonora de Sardynya*: famoullie descended.

Booby: Doo you heare fir; had not you a Cofen, that was called *Gustecerydis*?

Huan: Indeede I had a Cofen, that sometime³⁶⁰ followed the Court infortunately, and his name *Bustegustecerydis*.

Booby: O Lord I know him well: hee is the
C knight

The Old Viues Tale.

knight of the neates feete.

Huan: O he lou'd no Capon better, he hath oftentimes deceiued his boy of his dinner, that was his fault good *Bustegustecerydis*.

Booby: Come shall we goe along? Soft, here is an olde man at the Crosse, let vs aske him the
370 way thither. Ho, you Gaffer, I pray you tell where the wise man the Coniurer dwells?

Huan: Where that earthly Goddesse keepeth hir abode; the commander of my thoughts, and faire Mistres of my heart.

Old man: Faire inough, and farre inough from thy fingering sonne.

Huan: I will followe my Fortune after mine owne fancie, and doo according to mine owne discretion.

380 *Old man*: Yet giue some thing to an old man before you goe.

Huan: Father mee thinkes a peece of this Cake might serue your turne.

Old man: Yea sonne.

Huan: *Huanabango* giueth no Cakes for Almes, aske of them that giue giftes for poore Beggars. Faire Lady, if thou wert once shринed in this bosome, I would buckler thee hara-
tantara. *Exit.*

390 *Booby*: Father doo you see this man, you litle thinke heele run a mile or two for such a Cake,
or

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or passe for a pudding, I tell you father hee has kept such a begging of mee for a peece of this Cake, whoo he comes vppon me with a superfantiall substance, and the foyson of the earth, that I know not what he meanes: If hee came to me thus, and said, my friend *Booby* or so, why I could spare him a peece with all my heart; but when he tells me how God hath enriched mee about other fellows with a Cake: why hee ⁴⁰⁰ makes me blinde and deafe at once: Yet father heere is a peece of Cake for you as harde as the world goes.

Old man: Thanks sonne, but list to mee,
He shall be deafe when thou shalt not see;
Farewell my sonne things may so hit,
Thou maist haue wealth to mend thy wit.

Booby: Farewell father, farewell; for I must make hast after my two hand sword that is gone before.

Exeunt omnes. ⁴¹⁰

Enter Sacrapant in his studie.

Sacrapant: The day is cleare, the Welkin bright and gray,
The Larke is merrie, and records hir notes;
Each thing reioyseth vnderneath the Skie,
But onely I whom heauen hath in hate:
Wretched and miserable *Sacrapant*,
In *Theffalie* was I borne and brought vp,

C 2

My

The Old Viues Tale.

My mother *Meroe* hight a famous Witch,
420 And by hir cunning I of hir did learne,
To change and alter shapes of mortall men.
There did I turne my selfe into a Dragon,
And stole away the Daughter to the King;
Fairst *Delya*, the Mistres of my heart:
And brought hir hither to reuiue the man,
That seemeth yong and pleasant to behold,
And yet is aged, crooked, weake and numbe.
Thus by inchaunting spells I doo deceiue,
Those that behold and looke vpon my face;
430 But well may I bid youthfull yeares adue:

Enter Delya with a pot in hir hand. (grow,
See where she coms from whence my sorrows
How now faire *Delya* where haue you bin?

Delya: At the foote of the Rocke for running water, and gathering rootes for your dinner fir.

Sacr: Ah *Delya*, fairer art thou than the running water, yet harder farre than Steele or Adamant.

440 *Delya*: Will it please you to sit downe fir.

Sacr: I *Delya*, sit & aske me what thou wilt, thou shalt haue it brought into thy lappe.

Delya: Then I pray you fir let mee haue the best meate from the king of *Englands* table, and the best wine in all *France*, brought in by the veriest knaue in all *Spaine*.

Sacr: *Delya* I am glad to see you so pleasant,
well

The old Viues tale.

well fit thee downe.

Sacr: Spred table fpred ; meat, drinke & bred
Euer may I haue, what I euer craue : 450
When I am fpred, for meate for my black cock,
And meate for my red.

*Enter a Frier with a chine of Beefe and
a pot of wine.*

Sacr: Heere *Delya*, will yee fall to.

Del: Is this the best meate in England ?

Sacr: Yea.

Del: What is it ?

Sacr: A chine of English beefe, meate for a
And a kings followers. (king 460

Del: Is this the best wine in *France* ?

Sacr: Yea.

Del: What Wine is it ?

Sacr: A cup of neate wine of *Orleance*,
That neuer came neer the brewers in England.

Del: Is this the veriest knaue in all *Spaine* ?

Sacr: Yea.

Del: What is he a Fryer ?

Sacr: Yea a Friar indefinit, & a knaue infinit.

Del: Then I pray ye fir Frier tell me before 470
you goe, which is the most greediest English-
man ?

Fryer: The miserable and most couetous
Vfurer.

Sacr: Holde thee there Frier, *Exit Friar.*
But soft who haue we heere, *Delia* away begon.

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Enter the two Brothers.

Delya away, for beset are we,
But heauen or hell shall rescue her for me.

480 1. *Br.* Brother, was not that *Delya* did appeare?
Or was it but her shadow that was here?

2. *Bro:* Sister, where art thou? *Delya* come again
He calles, that of thy absence doth complaine.
Call out *Calypha* that she may heare,
And crie aloud, for *Delya* is neere.

Eccho: Neere.

1. *Br:* Neere, O where, hast thou any tidings?

Eccho: Tidings.

2. *Br:* Which way is *Delya* then, or that, or

490 *Eccho:* This. (this?)

1. *Br:* And may we safely come where *Delia*

Eccho: Yes. (is)

2. *Bro:* Brother remember you the white
Beare of Englands wood:

Start not a fide for euery danger,

Be not afeard of euery stranger;

Things that seeme, are not the same. (enter.

1. *Br:* Brother, why do we not the coragiously

2. *Br:* Then brother draw thy sword & follow

500 *Enter the Coniurer; it lightens & thunders, the 2. Brother falles downe.* (me.

1. *Br:* What brother doost thou fall?

Sacr: I, and thou to *Calypha*.

Fall 1. Brother. Enter two furies.

Adestes Dæmones: away with them,

Go

The old Viues tale.

Go cary them straight to *Sacrapantos* cell,
There in despaire and torture for to dwell ;
These are *Thenores* sonnes of *Theffaly*,
That come to seeke *Delya* their sister forth :
But with a potion, I to her haue giuen, 510
My arts hath made her to forget her selfe.

He remooues a turfe, and shewes a light in a glasse.
See heere the thing which doth prolong my life
With this inchantment I do any thing.

And till this fade, my skill shall still endure,
And neuer none shall breake this little glasse,
But she that's neither wife, widow, nor maide.
Then cheere thy selfe, this is thy destinie,
Neuer to die, but by a dead mans hand. *Exeunt.*

Enter Eumenides the wandring Knight, 520
and the old man at the crosse.

Eum: Tell me Time, tell me iust Time,
When shall I *Delia* see?
When shall I see the loadstar of my life? (sight?)
When shall my wandring course end with her
Or I but view my hope, my hearts delight.
Father God speede, if you tell fortunes, I pray
good father tell me mine.

Old man: Sonne I do see in thy face,
Thy blessed fortune worke apace ; 530
I do perceiue that thou hast wit,
Beg of thy fate to gouerne it,
For wisdome gouern'd by aduise,
Makes many fortunate and wise.

Bestowe

The Old Viues Tale.

Bestowe thy almes, giue more than all,
Till dead mens bones come at thy call :
Farewell my sonne, dreame of no rest,
Til thou repent that thou didst best. *Exit Old m.*

Eum. This man hath left me in a Laborinth,
540 He biddeth me giue more than all,
Till dead mens bones come at thy call :
He biddeth me dreame of no rest,
Till I repent that I do best.

Enter Wiggen, Corobus, Churchwarden and Sexten.

WViggen: You may be ashamed, you whorson scald Sexton and Churchwarden, if you had any shame in those shamelesse faces of yours, to let a poore man lie so long about ground vnburied.
550 A rot on you all, that haue no more compassion of a good fellow when he is gone.

Simon: What would you haue vs to burie him, and to aunswere it our selues to the parish?

Sexton: Parish me no parishes, pay me my fees, and let the rest runne on in the quarters accounts, and put it downe for one of your good deedes a Gods name, for I am not one that curiously stands vpon merits.

560 *Corobus:* You whorson sodden headed sheepes-face, shall a good fellow do lesse seruice and more honestie to the parish, & will you not when he is dead let him haue Christmas buriall.

WViggen:

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VViggen: Peace *Corebus*, assure as *Iack* was *Iack*, the frolickst frannion amongst you, and I *VViggen* his sweete sworne brother, *Iack* shall haue his funerals, or some of them shall lie on Gods deare earth for it, thats once.

Churchwa: *VViggen* I hope thou wilt do no more then thou darst aunswer. 570

VVig: Sir, fir, dare or dare not, more or lesse, aunswer or not aunswer, do this, or haue this.

Sex: Helpe, helpe, helpe, *VViggen* sets vpon the parish with a Pike staffe.

Eumenides awakes and comes to them.

Eum: Hould thy hands good fellow.

Core: Can you blame him fir, if he take *Iacks* part against this shake rotten parish that will not burie *Iack*.

Eum: Why what was that *Iack*? 580

Coreb: Who *Iack* fir, who our *Iack* fir? as good a fellow as euer troade vppon Neats leather.

VViggen: Looke you fir, he gaue foure score and nineteene mourning gownes to the parish when he died, and because he would not make them vp a full hundred, they would not bury him; was not this good dealing?

Churchwar: Oh Lord fir how he lies, he was not worth a halfepenny, and drunke out euery 590 penny: and nowe his fellowes, his drunken companions, would haue vs to burie him at the

D

charge

The Old Viues Tale.

charge of the parish, and we make many such matches, we may pull downe the steeple, sell the Belles, and thatche the chauncell: he shall lie aboue ground till he daunce a galliard about the churchyard for *Steeuen Loache*.

VViggen: Sic argumentaris domine Loache;
and we make many such matches, we may pull
600 downe the steeple, sell the Belles, and thatche
the chauncell: in good time sir, and hang your
selues in the Bell ropes when you haue done,
Domine oponens præpono tibi hanc questionem,
whether will you haue the ground broken, or
your pates broken: first, for one of them shall
be done presently, and to begin mine, ile seale it
vpon your cockescome.

Eum: Hould thy hands, I pray thee good
fellow be not too hastie.

610 *Coreb:* You Capons face, we shall haue you
turnd out of the parish one of these dayes, with
neuer a tatter to your arse, then you are in worse
taking then *Iack*.

Eumen. Faith and he is bad enough: this fellow
does but the part of a friend, to seeke to burie
his friend; how much will burie him?

VViggen: Faith, about some fifteene or six-
teene shillings will bestow him honestly.

Sexton: I euen there abouts sir.

620 *Eumen:* Heere hould it then, and I haue left
me but one poore three halfe pence; now do I
remem-

The Old Viues Tale.

remember the wordes the old man spake at the crosse; bestowe all thou hast, and this is all, till dead mens bones comes at thy call, heare holde it, and so farewell.

VVig: God, and all good, bee with you fir; naie you cormorants, ile bestowe one peale of *Iack* at mine owne proper costs and charges.

Coreb: You may thanke God the long staffe and the bilbowe blade, crost not your cockes-⁶³⁰combe; well wee to the church stile, and haue a pot, and so tryll lyll.

Both: Come lets go. *Exeunt.*

Fant: But harke you gammer, me thinkes this *Iack* bore a great sway in the parish.

Old woman: O this *Iack* was a maruelous fellow, he was but a poore man, but very well beloued: you shall see anon what this *Iack* will come to.

Enter the haruest men singing, with wo- ⁶⁴⁰
men in their hands.

Frol: Soft, who haue wee heere? our amorous haruest starres.

Fant: I, I, let vs sit still and let them alone.

*Heere they begin to sing, the
song doubled.*

Loe heere we come a reaping, a reaping,

To reape our haruest fruite,

And thus we passe the yeare so long,

And neuer be we mute. Exit the haruest mē. ⁶⁵⁰

The Old Viues Tale.

Enter Huanebango, and Corebus the clowne.

Frol: Soft, who haue we here?

Old w: O this is a cholerick gentleman, all you that loue your liues, keepe out of the smell of his two hand fworde: nowe goes he to the coniurer.

Fant: Me thinkes the Coniurer should put the foole into a Iugling boxe.

Huan: Fee, fa, fum, here is the Englishman,
660 Conquer him that can, came for his lady bright,
To prooue himselfe a knight,
And win her loue in fight.

Cor: Who haue maister *Bango* are you here? heare you, you had best sit downe heere, and beg an almes with me.

Huan: Hence base cullion, heere is he that commaundeth ingresse and egress with his weapon, and will enter at his voluntary whosoever faith no.

670 *A voice and flame of fire:* Huanebango
falleth downe.

Voice: No.

Old w: So with that they kist, and spoiled the edge of as good a two hand sword, as euer God put life in; now goes *Corebus* in, spight of the coniurer.

Enter the Coniurer, & strike Corebus blinde.

Sacr: Away with him into the open fields,
To be a rauening pray to Crowes and Kites:

And

The Old Viues Tale.

And for this villain let him wander vp & downe 680
In nought but darkenes and eternall night.

Cor: Heer haft thou slain *Huā* a flashing knight
And robbed poore *Corebus* of his fight. *Exit*.

Sacr: Hence villaine hence.

Now I haue vnto *Delya* giuen a potion of forgetfulness,

That when shee comes shee shall not know hir

Brothers:

Lo where they labour like to Country slaues,
With spade and mattocke on this inchaunted 690
ground.

Now will I call hir by another name,
For neuer shall she know hir selfe againe,
Vntill that *Sacrapant* hath breathd his last.

See where she comes. *Enter Delya*.

Come hither *Delya* take this gode,
Here hard at hand two slaues do worke and dig
for gold,

Gore them with this & thou shalt haue inough.

He giues hir a gode.

700

Del: Good fir I know not what you meane.

Sacra: She hath forgotten to be *Delya*,
But not forgot the fame she should forget:
But I will change hir name.

Faire *Berecynthia* so this Country calls you,
Goe ply these strangers wench they dig for gold

Exit Sacrapant.

Delya: O heauens! how am I beholding to

The Old Viues Tale.

this faire yong man.

710 But I must ply these strangers to their worke.
See where they come.

*Enter the two Brothers in their shirts with
spades digging.*

1. Brother: O Brother see where *Delya* is.

2. Brother: O *Delya* happy are we to see thee
here.

Delya: What tell you mee of *Delya* prating
swaines?

I know no *Delya* nor know I what you meane,
720 Ply you your work or else you are like to smart.

1. Brother: Why *Delya* knowst thou not thy
Brothers here?

We come from *Theffalie* to seeke thee forth,
And thou deceiuest thy selfe for thou art *Delya*.

Delya: Yet more of *Delya*, then take this
and smart:

What faine you shifts for to defer your labor?
Worke villaines worke, it is for gold you digg.

2. Br: Peace brother peace, this vild inchanter
730 Hath rauisht *Delya* of hir fences cleane,
And she forgets that she is *Delya*.

1. Br: Leaue cruell thou to hurt the miserable;
Digg brother digg, for she is hard as Steele.

Here they dig & descry the light vnder a litle hill.

2. Br: Stay brother what hast thou descride?

Del: Away & touch it not, it is some thing, that
my Lord hath hidden there. *she couers it agen.*

Enter

The Old Viues Tale.

Enter Sacrapant.

Sacr: Well fed, thou plyest these Pyoners
well, goe get you in you labouring flaues. 740
Come *Berecynthia*, let vs in likewise,
And heare the Nightingale record hir notes.

Exeunt omnes.

*Enter Zantypa the curst Daughter to the well,
with a pot in hir hand.*

Zant: Now for a husband, house and home,
God send a good one or none I pray God: My
father hath sent me to the well for the water of
life, and tells mee if I giue faire wordes I shall
haue a husband. 750

*Enter the fowle wench to the well for water with a
pot in hir hand.*

But heere comes *Celanta* my sweete sifter, Ile
stand by and heare what she saies.

Celant: My father hath sent mee to the well
for water, and he tells me if I speake faire, I shall
haue a husband and none of the worst: Well
though I am blacke I am sure all the world will
not forsake mee, and as the olde prouerbe is
though I am blacke, I am not the diuell. 760

Zant: Marrie gup with a murren, I knowe
wherefore thou speakest that, but goe thy waies
home as wife as thou camst, or Ile set thee home
with a wanion.

Here

The Old Viues Tale.

*Here ſhe ſtrikes hir Pitcher againſt hir ſiſters,
and breakes them both and goes hir way.*

Clant: I thinke this be the curſteſt queane in
the world, you ſee what ſhe is, a little faire, but
as proud as the diuell, and the verieſt vixen that
770 liues vpon Gods earth. Well Ile let hir alone,
and goe home and get another Pitcher, and for
all this get me to the well for water. *Exit.*

*Enter two Furies out of the Coniurers Cell
and laies Huanebango by the well
of life.*

Enter Zantippa with a Pitcher to the Well.

Zant: Once againe for a husband, & in faith
Celanta I haue got the ſtart of you; Belike huſ-
bands growe by the Well ſide; now my father
780 ſayes I muſt rule my tongue: why alas what am
I then? a woman without a tongue, is as a ſoul-
dier without his weapon; but ile haue my wa-
ter and be gon.

*Heere ſhe offers to dip her Pitcher in, and a
head ſpeakes in the Well.*

Head: Gently dip, but not too deepe,
For feare you make the golden birde to weepe,
Faire maiden white and red,
Stroke me ſmooth, and combe my head,
790 And thou ſhalt haue ſome cockell bread.

Zant: What is this, faire maiden white & red,
Combe me ſmooth, and ſtroke my head:
And thou ſhalt haue ſome cockell bread.

Cockell

The Old Viues tale.

Cockell callest thou it boy, faith ile giue you
cockell bread.

*Shee breakes hir Pitcher vppon his heade, then it
thunders and lightens, and Huanebango rises
vp: Huanebango is deafe and cannot heare.*

Huan: Phylyda phylerydos, Pamphylyda
(floryda flortos, 800
Dub dub a dub, bounce quoth the guns, with a
(fulpherous huffe snuffe:
Wakte with a wench, pretty peat, pretty loue,
(and my sweet prettie pigsnie;
Iust by thy side shall sit furnamed great *Huane-*
(bango
Safe in my armes will I keepe thee, threat *Mars*
(or thunder *Olympus*.

Zant: Foe, what greasie groome haue wee
here? Hee looks as though hee crept out of the 810
backefide of the well; and speakes like a Drum
perisht at the West end.

Huan: O that I might but I may not, woe to
(my destenie therefore;
Kisse that I claspe but I cannot, tell mee my de-
(stentie wherefore?

Zant: Whoope nowe I haue my dreame,
did you neuer heare so great a wonder as this?
Three blue beanes in a blue bladder, rattle blad-
der rattle.

820

E

Huan:

The Old Viues Tale.

Huan : Ile nowe fet my countenance and to hir in prose, it may be this rim ram ruffe, is too rude an incounter.

Let me faire Ladie if you be at leifure, reuell with your sweetnes, and raile vppon that cowardly Coniurer, that hath cast me or congealed mee rather into an vnkinde sleepe and polluted my Carcasse.

Zantypa : Laugh, laugh *Zantypa*, thou
830 hast thy fortune, a foole and a husbände vnder one.

Huan : Truly sweete heart as I seeme, about some twenty years, the very Aprill of mine age.

Zantypa : Why what a prating Assè is this?

Huanebango : Hir Corall lippes, hir crimson chinne,

Hir filuer teeth so white within :

840 Hir golden locks hir rowling eye,

Hir pretty parts let them goe by :

Hey ho hath wounded me,

That I must die this day to see.

Za : By gogs bones thou art a flouting knaue,
Hir Corall lippes, hir crimson chinne : ka wilshaw.

Huan : True my owne and my owne be
cause mine, & mine because mine ha ha : Aboue
a thousand pounds in possibilitie, and things fitting

The Old Viues tale.

ting thy desire in possession.

850

Zan : The Sott thinkes I aske of his landes,
Lobb be your comfort, and Cuckold bee your
destenie: Heare you fir; and if you will haue
vs, you had best say so betime.

Huan : True sweete heart and will royallize
thy progeny with my petegree. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Eumenides the wandring Knight.

Eu : Wretched *Eumenides*, still vnfortunate,
Enuied by fortune, and forlorne by Fate;
Here pine and die wretched *Eumenides*.
Die in the spring, the Aprill of my age?
Here sit thee down, repent what thou hast don
I would to God that it were nere begon.

860

Enter Iacke.

Iacke : You are well ouertaken fir.

Eum : Who's that?

Iacke : You are heartily well met fir.

Eum : Forbeare I say, who is that which pin-
cheth mee?

Iacke : Trusting in God good Master *Eume-* 870
nides, that you are in so good health as all your
friendes were at the making hereof: God giue
you God morrowe fir, lacke you not a neate
handsome and cleanly yong Lad, about the age
of fifteene or sixteene yeares, that can runne

E 2

by

The Old Viues Tale.

by your horſe, and for a neede make your Maſterſhippes ſhooes as blacke as incke, howe ſay you ſir.

Eum : Alaffe pretty Lad, I know not how to
880 keepe my ſelfe, and much leſſe a ſeruant, my pretty boy, my ſtate is ſo bad.

Iacke : Content your ſelfe, you ſhall not bee ſo ill a Maſter but ile bee as bad a ſeruant : Tut ſir I know you though you know not me ; Are not you the man ſir, denie it if you can ſir, that came from a ſtrange place in the land of Catita, where Iacke a napes flies with his taile in his mouth, to ſeeke out a Ladie as white as ſnowe, and as redd as blood ; ha, ha, haue I toucht you
890 now.

Eum : I thinke this boy be a ſpirit,
How knowſt thou all this ?

Iacke : Tut are not you the man ſir, denie it if you can ſir, that gaue all the money you had to the burying of a poore man, and but one three-halfe-pence left in your purſſe : Content you ſir, Ile ſerue you that is flat.

Eum : Well my Lad ſince thou art ſo impornate, I am content to entertaine thee, not as a
900 ſeruant ; but a copartner in my iourney. But whither ſhall we goe for I haue not any money more than one bare three-halfe-pence.

Iacke : Well Maſter content your ſelfe, for if my diuination bee not out, that ſhall bee ſpent

The old Viues tale.

spent at the next Inne or alehouse we come too :
for maister I knowe you are passing hungrie ;
therefore ile go before and prouide dinner vn-
till that you come, no doubt but youle come
faire and softly after.

Eum : I, go before, ile follow thee. 910

Iack : But doo you heare maister, doo you
know my name?

Eum : No I promise thee not yet.

Iack : Why I am *Iack*. *Exeunt Iack.*

Eum : *Iack*, why be it so then.

*Enter the Hostes and Iack, setting meate on the
table, and Fidlers came to play, Eumenides
walketh vp and downe, and will
eate no meate.*

Host : How say you fir, doo you please to sit 920
downe?

Eum : Hostes I thanke you, I haue no great
stomack.

Host : Pray fir, what is the reason your mai-
ster is so strange, doth not this meate please him.

Iack : Yes Hostes, but it is my maisters fashi-
on to pay before hee eates, therefore a recko-
ning good hostesse.

Host : Marry shall you fir presently. *Exit.*

Eum : Why *Iack* what doost thou meane, 930
thou knowest I haue not any money : therefore
sweete *Iack* tell me what shall I doo.

Iack : Well maister looke in your purse.

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Eum: Why faith it is a follie, for I haue no money. (for me.)

Iack: Why looke you maister, doo so much

Eum: Alas *Iack* my pursse is full of money.

Iack: Alas, maister, does that worde belong to this accident? why me thinkes I should haue
940 seene you cast away your cloake, and in a brauado daunced a galliard round about the chamber; why maister, your man can teach you more wit than this, come hostis, cheere vp my maister.

Hostis: You are heartily welcome: and if it please you to eate of a fat Capon, a fairer birde, a finer birde, a sweeter birde, a crisper birde, a neater birde, your worship neuer eate off.

Eum: Thankes my fine eloquent hostesse.

Iack: But heare you maister, one worde by
950 the way, are you content I shall be halfes in all you get in your iourney?

Eum: I am Iack, here is my hand.

Iack: Enough maister, I aske no more.

Eum: Come Hostesse receiue your money, and I thanke you for my good entertainment.

Host: You are heartily welcome sir.

Eum: Come *Iack* whether go we now?

Iack: Mary maister to the coniurers presently.

Eu: Content *Iack*: Hostis farewell. *Exe. om.*

960 *Enter Corebus and Zelanto the foule wench, to the well for water.*

Coreb: Come my ducke come: I haue now got

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got a wife, thou art faire, art thou not?

Zelan: My *Corebus* the fairest aliue, make no doubt of that.

Cor: Come wench, are we almost at the wel.

Zela. I *Corebus* we are almost at the Well now, ile go fetch some water: sit downe while I dip my pitcher in.

Voyce: Gently dip: but not too deepe; 970
For feare you make the gouldē beard to weepe.

*A head comes vp with eares of Corne, and she
combes them in her lap.*

Faire maiden white and red,
Combe me smoothe, and stroke my head:
And thou shalt haue some cockell bread.
Gently dippe, but not too deepe,
For feare thou make the gouldē beard to weep.
Faire maide, white, and redde,
Combe me smooth, and stroke my head; 980
And euery haire, a sheaue shall be,
And euery sheaue a goulden tree.

*A head comes vp full of golde, she
combes it into her lap.*

Zelan: Oh see *Corebus* I haue combd a great deale of golde into my lap, and a great deale of corne.

Coreb. Well said wench, now we shall haue iust enough, God send vs coiners to coine our golde: but come shall we go home sweet heart? 990

Zelan: Nay come *Corebus* I will lead you.

Coreb.

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Coreb: So Corebus things haue well hit,
Thou hast gotten wealth to mend thy wit. *Exit.*

Enter Iack and the wandring knight.

Iack: Come away maister come,

Eum: Go along *Iack*, ile follow thee,
Iack, they say it is good to go crosse legged, and
say his prayers backward: how faiest thou?

Iack: Tut neuer feare maister, let me alone,
1000 heere sit you still, speake not a word. And be-
cause you shall not be intised with his inchan-
ting speeches; with this same wooll ile stop your
eares: and so maister sit still, for I must to the
Coniurer. *Exit Iack.*

Enter the Coniurer to the wandring knight.

Sa: How now, what man art thou that sits so sad
Why dost thou gaze vpon these stately trees,
Without the leaue and will of *Sacrapant*?
What not a word but mum,

1010 Then *Sacrapant* thou art betraide.

*Enter Iack inuisible, and taketh off Sacrapants
wreath from his head, and his sword out
of his hand.*

Sac: What hand inuades the head of *Sacrapāt*?
What hatefull fury doth enuy my happy state?
Then *Sacrapant* these are thy latest dayes,
Alas my vaines are numd, my sinews shrinke,
My bloud is pearst, my breath fleeting away,
And now my timelesse date is come to end:
1020 He in whose life his actions hath beene so foule,
Now

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Now in his death to hell defends his foule.

He dyeth.

Iack: Oh Sir are you gon: now I hope we shall haue some other coile. Now maister how like you this; the Coniurer hee is dead, and vowes neuer to trouble vs more. Now get you to your faire Lady, and see what you can doo with her: Alas he heareth me not all this while; but I will helpe that.

He pulles the VVooll out of his eares.

1030

Eum: How now *Iack*, what news?

Iack: Heere maister, take this sword and dig with it, at the foote of this hill.

He digs and spies a light.

Eum: How now *Iack*, what is this?

Iack: Maister, without this the Coniurer could do nothing, and so long as this light lasts, so long doth his arte indure, and this being out, then doth his arte decay.

Eum: Why then *Iack* I will soone put out 1040 this light.

Iack: I maister, how?

Eum: Why with a stone ile breake the glasse, and then blowe it out.

Iack: No maister you may as soone breake the Smiths Anfill, as this little vyoll; nor the biggest blast that euer *Boreas* blew, cannot blowe out this little light; but she that is neither maide,

F

wife,

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wife, nor widowe. Maister, winde this horne;
1050 and see what will happen.

He windes the horne.

*Heere enters Venelia and breakes the glasse, and
blowes out the light, and goeth in againe.*

Iack: So maister, how like you this; this is
she that ranne madding in the woods, his be-
trothed loue that keepes the crosse, and nowe
this light being out, all are restored to their for-
mer libertie. And now maister to the Lady that
you haue so long looked for.

1060 *He draweth a curten, and there Delia
sitteth a sleepe.*

Eum: God speed faire maide sitting alone:
there is once.

God speed faire maide; there is twise:

God speed faire maide, that is thrise.

Delia: Not so good sir, for you are by.

Iack: Enough maister, she hath spoke, now I
will leaue her with you.

1070 *Eum:* Thou fairest flower of these westerne
Whose beautie so reflecteth in my sight, (parts:
As doth a Christall mirror in the sonne:
For thy sweet sake I haue crost the frosen *Rhine*,
Leauing faire *Po*, I faild vp *Danuby*,
As farre as *Saba* whose inhanfing streames,
Cuts twixt the *Tartars* and the *Russians*,

These

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These haue I croft for thee faire *Delia*:

Then grant me that which I haue fude for long.

Del: Thou gentle knight, whose fortune is
so good:

To finde me out, and fet my brothers free, 1080
My faith, my heart, my hand, I giue to thee.

Eum: Thankes gentle Madame: but heere
comes Iack, thanke him, for he is the best friend
that we haue.

Enter Iack with a head in his hand.

Eum: How now Iack, what hast thou there?

Iack: Mary maister, the head of the coniurer.

Eum: Why Iack that is impossible, he was
a young man.

Iack: Ah maister, so he deceiued them that 1090
beheld him: but hee was a miserable, old, and
crooked man; though to each mans eye h
med young and fresh, for maister; this Coniurer
tooke the shape of the olde man that kept the
crosse: and that olde man was in the likenesse of
the Coniurer. But nowe maister winde your
horne. *He windes his horne.*

*Enter Venelia, the two brothers, and he
that was at the crosse.*

Eu: Welcome *Erestus*, welcome faire *Venelia*, 1100

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Welcome *Thelea*, and *Kalepha* both,
Now haue I her that I so long haue fought,
So faith faire *Delia*, if we haue your consent.

1. Bro: Valiant *Eumenides* thou well deseruest
To haue our fauours: so let vs reioyce,
That by thy meanes we are at libertie.
Heere may we ioy each in others fight,
And this faire Lady haue her wandring knight.

Jack: So maister, nowe yee thinke you haue
1110 done: but I must haue a saying to you; you
know you and I were partners, I to haue halfe
in all you got.

Eum: Why so thou shalt *Jack*.

Jack: Why then maister draw your sworde,
part your Lady, let mee haue halfe of her pre-
sently.

Eumenid: Why I hope *Jack* thou doost but
iest, I promist thee halfe I got, but not halfe my
Lady.

1120 *Jack*: But what else maister, haue you not
gotten her, therefore deuide her straight, for I
will haue halfe there is no remedie.

Eumen: Well ere I will falsifie my worde
vnto my friend, take her all, heere *Jack* ile giue
her thee.

Jacke: Nay neither more nor lesse Maister,
but euen iust halfe.

Eum: Before I will falsifie my faith vnto my
friend,

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friend, I will diuide hir, *Iacke* thou shalt haue halfe. 1130

1. *Brother*: Bee not so cruell vnto our sister gentle Knight.

2. *Brother*: O spare faire *Delia* shee deserues no death.

Eum: Content your selues, my word is past to him, therefore prepare thy selfe *Delya* for thou must die.

Delya: Then farewell worlde, adew *Eumenides*.

He offers to strike and Iacke staies him. 1140

Iacke: Stay Master, it is sufficient I haue tride your constancie: Do you now remember since you paid for the burying of a poore fellow.

Eum: I very well *Iacke*.

Iacke: Then Master thanke that good deed, for this good turne, and so God be with you all.

Iacke leapes downe in the ground.

Eum: *Iacke* what art thou gone?
Then farewell *Iacke*.

Come brothers and my beauteous *Delya*, 1150
Erestus and thy deare *Venelia*:

We will to *Theffalie* with ioyfull hearts.

All: Agreed, we follow thee and *Delya*.

Exeunt omnes.

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Fant: What Gammer, a sleepe?

Old wom: By the Mas sonne tis almost day,
and my windowes shuts at the Cocks crow.

Frol: Doo you heare Gammer, mee thinkes
this Iacke bore a great sway amongst them.

1160 *Old wom*: O man, this was the ghost of the
poore man, that they kept such a coyle to burie,
& that makes him to help the wandring knight
so much: But come let vs in, we will haue a cup
of ale and a toft this morning and so depart.

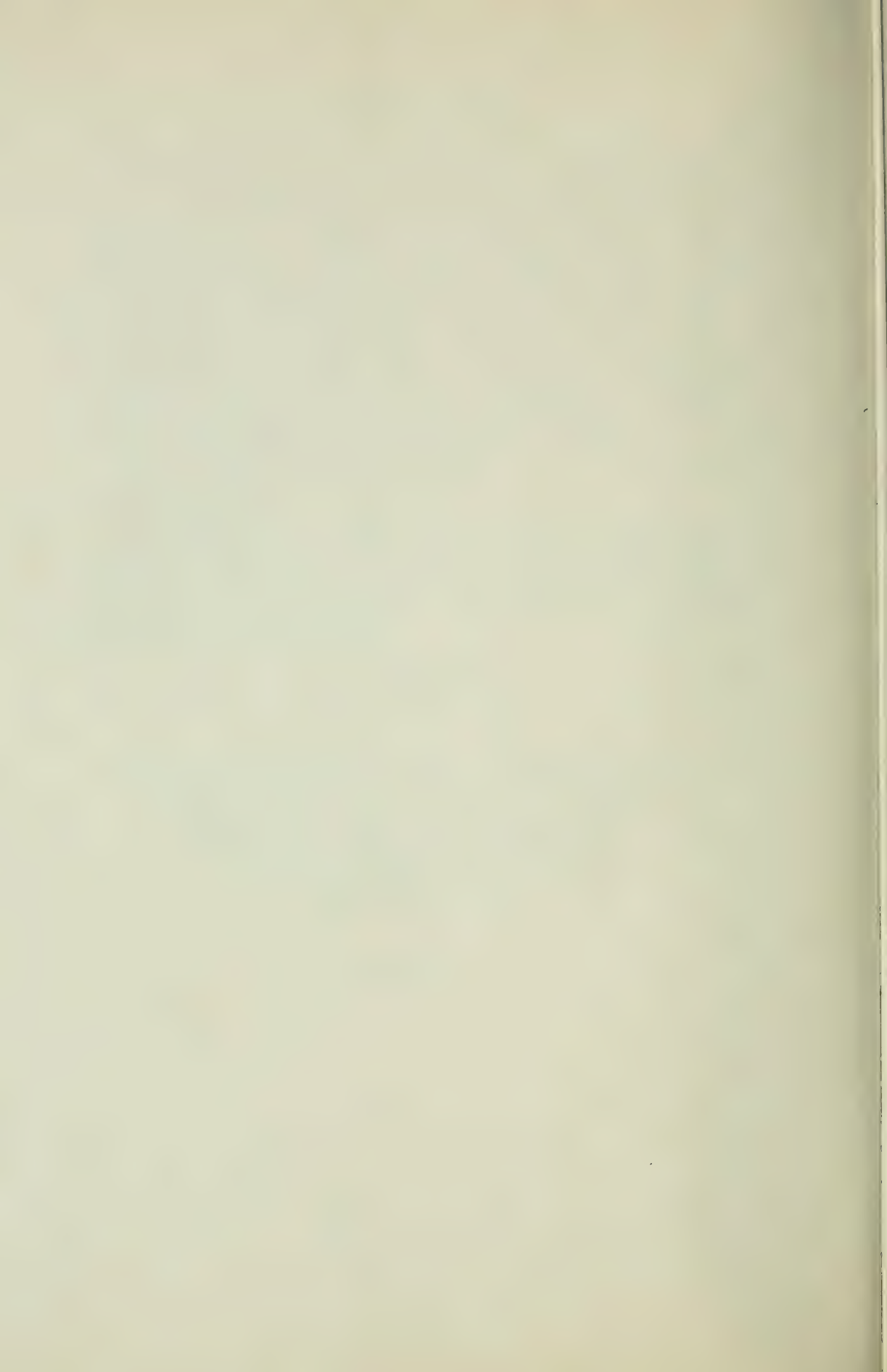
Fant: Then you haue made an end of your
tale Gammer?

Old wom: Yes faith: When this was done I
tooke a peece of bread and cheefe, and came
my way, and so shall you haue too before you
1170 goe, to your breakefast.

F I N I S.

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Hancocke*, and *Iohn Hardie*, and are to
be solde at the shop ouer against
Saint Giles his Church with-
out Criplegate.

1595.





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[Peele, George]
The old wives tale

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